

# The Critic and Good Literature

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## For Whom do Critics Criticise?

THERE are few occupations into which one drifts with so little definite aim as criticism. Some one sends you a book with the request that you will kindly review it. You review it kindly, or unkindly, as the case may be; another book follows, and you soon find yourself looking for the weekly package of the latest issues from the book stores with an interest born of a very simple and slight satisfaction in being allowed to 'have your say' a little beyond the sacred precincts of your own drawing-room. This gentle satisfaction may be tinged slightly with a noble intention to serve humanity by putting a stop to the circulation of all the books you do not happen to like; but, after all, your self-consciousness is not bigoted enough to sustain you long in any self-pretence as to the great value of your work in stemming the tide of unworthy literature, or lifting into deserved prominence work that would have made its own way very well without you.

Across this very innocent conception of your own place in literature, Mr. Henry James sends suddenly a ripple of suggestion. 'After all,' he says in effect, though we cannot be sure of quoting him exactly, 'it may be doubted whether criticism is of any great value to an author; whether, indeed, it serves any other purpose than to minister to the amusement, or practice, or subsistence, of the critic himself.' That any author ever thought of profiting by a critic's advice had never entered into your wildest conception of the critic's mission in literature. The most you had hoped for, aside from ministering to your own 'amusement, practice, or subsistence,' was that you might gradually lead the Great Public to pin its faith to your judgment, and so save it the trouble of turning over many leaves to find out what was worth reading before beginning to read. Mr. James sets you to thinking on other possible uses of the art of criticism, until in your own mind you have exalted your simple office to a dignity of ministration which may be epitomized as follows:—(1) The critic, directly or indirectly, may be of use: (1) To himself; as Mr. James puts it, for his own 'amusement, practice, or subsistence.' (2) To the reader who wants to know what to read. (3) To the author who wants to know what not to write. Mr. James's 'after all' suggests that there may be such authors. (4) To the publisher, who will know how to turn to his profit anything you may say, whether in praise or blame, if you only say it strongly enough. Faint praise is as sad a thing to him as to the author, but downright condemnation he revels in quite as joyously as in a gush of glorification. The darkest cloud of your wrath he can deck with a silver lining for himself, by quoting in his advertisements the denunciation that makes all the world eager to read the book that is so very, very bad. (5) To the class of readers who live upon *résumés*; who do not want you to tell them what to read, but to save them the trouble of reading; who look to you to keep them thoroughly informed as to the books which they do not mean even to turn the pages of, but which they do wish to be able to discuss in polite society. (6) To the lim-

ited class of readers who look upon criticism as literature *per se*, and take up a review with the hope of finding something amusing, or withering, quite irrespective of the book under discussion; who ask you, not 'Have you read A—'s book?' but 'Have you read B—'s review of A—'s book?'

Really, quite a respectable showing, is it not, for the influence of the work that, as George Eliot put it, 'is called subordinate, but becomes ennobling by being finely done.' How, then, is it to be finely done, that it may become ennobling?—this kind of work so associated with the idea of prejudice, or ridicule, or carping criticism that is not ennobling, as to give color to one definition of the word 'critic' still to be found in the dictionaries: 'Critic—one who censures or finds fault.' We say 'still to be found,' for the tone of criticism has so changed in the last hundred years, that a hundred years hence this definition of critic, if admitted at all to the dictionaries, will undoubtedly be marked 'obsolete.' The critic is no longer one who stands with brandished tomahawk crying, 'Would that mine enemy would write a book!' You are no longer sure when you take up a review, as you were in the good old days of *The Edinburgh*, to find a tremendous 'This will not do,' or a maddening 'Who reads an American book?' The editor who wants two thousand words on Balzac, or Thackeray, or George Eliot, or Tourguéneff, or Victor Hugo or Rossetti, never thinks of sending to a critic who would 'cut up' the desired author, but to one who, he knows, will dilate and admire and quote and praise 'the master,' whoever he may be, till Ruskin on Turner would be a faint type of the kind of criticism given. Nor is the delighted critic thus called upon for an opinion ever known nowadays to write back to the editor as Voltaire wrote when asked to criticise Racine: 'Criticise Racine? what could I say but write Beautiful! Exquisite! Charming! Perfect! at the bottom of every page!' The critic of to-day knows that this is what he is expected to write, and it certainly is what he delights in writing. So we have James on Howells and Howells on James, Stedman on Stoddard and Stoddard on Stedman, James and Howells and Stedman and Stoddard on Balzac and Thackeray and George Eliot and Tourguéneff and Rossetti, till Ossa on Pelion is a faint term for expressing an accumulation of adoration which only cannot be called 'gush' because it gives such solid, legitimate and satisfying reasons for its claim to being genuine 'criticism,' though it is not fault-finding. In brief, the critic no longer lies in wait with a tomahawk to demolish the author; he lies in wait with a copy of the book to secure an appreciative reader for it—

Leading your love to where his love perchance  
Climbed earlier, found a nest before you knew.

So general is this change in the spirit of all criticism, that an editor of whom you may request the privilege of reviewing a certain book, is pretty sure to look askance at you for a moment and say doubtfully: 'If you are quite sure you don't mean to gush over it!' So general has it become, that it has been more than once suggested as the best policy for a critical journal that it shall take no notice of poor books, but merely call attention to good ones. It has been found that heavy missionary work in the form of withering sarcasm does not answer its purpose: the publishers are delighted, and the public clamor for the book so ruthlessly pursued. 'Be silent, if thou can'st not praise,' is almost as good a motto for a review as the famous 'Tros Tyrannique—.' There follows from this change in the spirit of criticism one very good reason why the modern author does not profit, as Mr. James says he does not, by modern criticism; unless, indeed, deserved praise has the healthful influence in literature that it undoubtedly has in real life. The modern author, if he finds himself noticed at all, is apt to find himself such a hero in the critic's opinion, that it becomes a delicate matter even for him to thank the critic for having 'understood' him. We believe that every critic who has done any considerable amount of criticism, will say

that for once that he has been taken to task for a hasty or ill-judged opinion, he has received ten notes of thanks, not for praise, certainly not for advice, but for appreciative comprehension of what the author was trying to do. We are therefore reduced to the conclusion that the modern critic writes—always acknowledging as his main motive his own 'amusement, practice, or subsistence'—neither with the hope of improving the author nor the object of helping the publisher, but to give assistance to the distressed reader. This is something which it is generally supposed 'anybody' can do, just as it is generally thought that 'anybody' can make a cup of tea. Of course, all you need to do in criticising a book, is to tell what you think of it; which, to the dazed critic, sounds much like William Henry's opinion of learning to enter a room, that all you have to do is to 'go right in.' The critic must make up his mind to have his office held in slight repute. His best friends will say banteringly that of course he does not prejudice his mind by reading the books before he criticises them, and his suffering victims will assert that he never read their books through—forgetting that not to read a book through is in itself a very decided opinion.

In reality there are almost as many kinds of criticism as there are of books. There is the criticism of the critic who thinks he has 'reviewed' a novel when he states its plot: 'the hero is a young man who,' etc., and the criticism of the critic who merely takes the author's name in vain, using the title of the book as the text for little dissertations of his own. There is the critic who puts into the book a great deal more than the author did, and the critic who takes out all the life there may have been in it by a single shaft of ridicule; legitimate enough, since to the cry, 'Let the critic see if he can better himself,' he may justly reply that knowing he cannot do any better, he doesn't try. There is the light and airy and dainty criticism which may be a work of art in itself, exercising and exhibiting a good deal of the critic's own originality; and the heavy *résumé* which is merely to save other readers trouble by picking out the pithy sentence on page 112 and putting it over against the pithy sentence on page 313, so that the busy-bee of society may at least appear to be literary with her confidant, 'You know Mallock says,' etc. If the critic is to criticise briefly a magazine article, he must read every word of eight or ten pages to be sure he is right in the one pregnant sentence into which he is expected to condense his opinion or his *résumé*. He must be patient, just, well-read and well-bred; a man of impartial judgment, good taste and common-sense, with good eyes and plenty of leisure; and he must be willing, when all is done, to have his work considered subordinate, and to have even those who add, 'but ennobling if finely done,' put considerable emphasis on the *if*; and to acknowledge even to himself that his work is of little importance save as it ministers to his own 'amusement, practice, or subsistence.'

## Reviews

### Getting Rid of the President.\*

ONE who is called on to read all the books criticising American institutions, which are now rapidly appearing from the press, may come to feel that the future of our Republic is very uncertain. Our vealy period is gone by, that period when we thought everything American to be perfect. There was such a time, before the great Rebellion, when we did not care for the experiences of other nations, when we regarded the American union of States as the ripest outcome of the world's wisdom. That feeling has not yet ceased to exist, it is true; but a quite different one has to a large extent taken its place. In the last twenty years we have been to Europe, got an idea of what the rest of the world has been doing through these thousands of years, and the result has been Henry James, Jr., and a doubt about

the perfection of the American system of government. Now we are hunting out all the faults, all the weak places; lamenting that we have no past and no relics of feudalism; crying that the United States Government is becoming a monarchy, or that we are falling into the hands of an aristocracy of wealth. It is good for us to learn to be a little more modest than was the old-time Fourth-of-July orator; but fault-finding is not profitable in any large degree. This second period will be outgrown as the first was, and the third will be much better than its predecessors.

The latest complaint against American institutions is in the form of an attack on the Presidency, by 'a member of the New York bar.' There is much of truth in his book, but a good deal, also, of restless dissatisfaction with what has answered its purpose tolerably well in the past. The author of this new political criticism proposes to abolish the Presidency. He discusses the duties of the President as they are defined in the Constitution, and as they have been developed in practice. He also devotes much attention to the immense power which is put into the hands of the President, and the limited control of his actions which is exercised by the other branches of the Government. Then he considers the acts of each of the Presidents in the direction of overstepping Constitutional authority. He finds a good showing against them, though Jackson and Grant seem to be the greatest offenders. Doubtless there is much to justify this criticism. The author has done his work well and thoroughly. New methods are needed, and the powers of the President should be more clearly defined and restricted. The showing which he makes is a serious one; and yet he is quite too nervous about it.

In his closing chapter he proposes a remedy which makes us quite content to bear with the defects in the Presidency. Our President may have more authority than the English Queen, but he is not a mere figure-head, a mere ornament. It is useless to draw illustrations from France or Athens of the dangers of giving too much power into the hands of a representative ruler, because the people of the United States are not Frenchmen or Athenians. No President can make himself dictator or king so long as the Americans remain Americans. To put the executive power into the hands of the Cabinet or a responsible ministry, and to give the House of Representatives the supreme authority, is to jump out of the frying-pan into the fire. The history of that body for the last ten years is a sufficient answer to this suggestion. A body without stability, and without culture and ability on the part of a great proportion of its members, is not a fit one for such power. The result would be in every way worse than anything we have suffered from our Presidents. Nor are we ready to abolish the President and the Senate, and to make the Cabinet members of the House. Remedies are needed, but let us make only such as are likely to lead to happy results.

### "The Art of Fiction."\*

MR. WALTER BESANT, the surviving partner of the novel-writing firm of Besant and Rice to which we owe that most amusing novel 'The Golden Butterfly,' has published in a neat pamphlet the lecture delivered by him last April at the Royal Institution, London, on 'The Art of Fiction.' In the course of this *apologia pro arte sua*, he remarks that 'not one single novelist, so far as I know, has ever pretended to teach his mystery.' Strictly speaking, this may be so, but Mr. Besant's fellow-story-teller, Mr. James Payn, in an essay contributed to *The Nineteenth Century* and reprinted in 'Some Private Views,' gave a great many valuable hints to the intending novelist. In these days, when there are many publishers in the United States ready to make books out of the writings of English authors, without so much as a 'By your leave,' we wish one might be found who would reprint this essay of Mr. Besant's, and Mr. Payn's paper, and George Eliot's essay 'On Story-Telling,' included in the

\* The Abolition of the Presidency. By Henry C. Lockwood. New York: R. Worthington.

\* The Art of Fiction. By Walter Besant. Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co.



recent posthumous volume of her essays, together with such other treatises or fragments of treatises on the novelist's art as might suggest themselves. There is, for instance, a chapter of Anthony Trollope's autobiography which ought not to be omitted, and perhaps one of M. Zola's belligerent essays might be translated for the volume. Mr. Besant, who does not seem to be at all familiar with the late Sidney Lanier's posthumous work on 'The English Novel,' is quite at one with Lanier in finding in fiction especially what Lanier called the 'Idea of Personality,' what Prof. Seeley once called the 'Enthusiasm of Humanity,' and what Mr. Besant himself terms 'Sympathy—that sentiment which is destined to be a most mighty engine in deepening and widening the civilization of the world.' Lanier noted the total absence of this sentiment until modern times and Mr. Besant thinks that it first appeared 'about a hundred and fifty years ago, when the modern novel came into existence,' and he finds it, for instance, conspicuous by its absence in Defoe. While Mr. Besant believes in subordinating the descriptions to the story, contrary to the precept if not to the practice of the French 'Naturalists,' he agrees with them in laying down the rule 'that everything in Fiction which is invented and is not the result of personal experience and observation is worthless.' Yet he does not go as far as M. Zola, who declares that the height of the novelist's art in the future is to take *une histoire quelconque*—any kind of story. Nor does he approve of the works of those American writers who have as little story to tell as the Needy Knife-grinder. 'The story is everything,' says Mr. Besant. 'Fiction without adventure—a drama without a plot—a novel without surprises—the thing is as impossible as life without uncertainty.'

#### Two Phases of Anti-Slavery.\*

THIRTY years ago, George W. Julian and Parker Pillsbury were pretty well known as public men, though in quite different ways. Both were abolitionists and both were agitators; but one was a politician, and for some years a member of Congress, while the other was an anti-slavery lecturer, caring nothing for politics except so far as he might influence men's political action by appeals to their consciences. Julian was educated as a Whig politician, Pillsbury as an evangelical clergyman; and both became 'bolters.' Julian became a Liberty Party man, then a Free Soiler, and at last a Republican; always earnest, always fearless and aggressive, and always true to his conviction of the necessity of a Northern political party to meet and withstand the solidarity of the owners of slaves, which, he believed, would, with the aid of Northern allies in one or the other of the great parties, continue to rule the Union as for the most part it always had done, or in the end ruin it. Mr. Julian's volume is rather instructive than entertaining, not merely because most persons reluctant at being entertained by anything that is instructive, but because few really care to know the history of political parties. Even current politics are always of secondary interest except to a comparative few, for which, of course, there must be a good reason; and, for the same reason, the number is still fewer of those who care to study the politics of the past. For these few, however, Mr. Julian's book will be a welcome addition to the political history of the last forty years.

But Mr. Pillsbury's 'Acts of The Anti-Slavery Apostles' has another value. The anti-slavery movement of this century, culminating in a great civil war and the emancipation of four millions of slaves, both events among the most important of modern times, cannot be without a history, not the less interesting nor the less remarkable because it is obscure. It has never been written, and it is more than probable that it never will be. Most of the men and women who were its leading spirits are already dead; and as it was

largely carried on by the personal efforts of those few private persons, who with their private means and by personal sacrifices chiefly sustained it, so, as these persons disappear, the knowledge of its essential character perishes. One thing, however, is certain: had there been no abolitionists—whose names even are, for the most part, unknown to this generation—there would have been no great political anti-slavery party; had there been no such party there would have been no war; and had there been no war, there would have been to-day not less, probably, than eight or ten million negro slaves in the United States, with what influence upon the stability of the Union and the existence of the republican form of government, who can tell? Mr. Pillsbury's book is a remarkable one as a history of one phase of this cause to which he devoted himself, and will be a revelation to every reader under forty years of age of a revolutionary era hitherto unwritten. He, and a few like him, nurtured in the evangelical church, carried with them into the anti-slavery conflict the evangelical idea, and the precedents of evangelical reformers. The very title of his book shows how the old faith clung to him and governed him, and the text is a proof of his faithfulness to the teachings which had formed his mind and imbued his whole soul. He writes, as he acted, in the very spirit of the older Puritans, but not without a humor, by no means always grim, which makes the book quite as amusing as it is instructive. He almost lived in mobs, the ludicrous aspect of which he never lost sight of. And many of that class which mobbed him forty years ago will be enraged enough at the book now to tear it leaf from leaf as their protoplasts were to tear the author limb from limb. But it is quite possible that the volume will be more read fifty or a hundred years hence than it will be to-day. Like 'Pilgrim's Progress' it is one of those curiosities of literature which is likely to keep.

#### "A First-Book in Geology."\*

OF LATE a number of admirable elementary text-books have appeared, prepared, not by second-hand compilers, but by acknowledged authorities and teachers in the subjects dealt with. Prof. Shaler's 'First-Book in Geology' unquestionably deserves to be classed with the best of them. It is written clearly and interestingly; and in the hands of a competent instructor it cannot fail to give the pupil a satisfactory understanding of the principles of the science, and a knowledge of the leading facts from which these principles have been deduced. The Development Theory (not exclusively Darwinian, however) is frankly adopted, and is made fundamental in all the treatment of the subject, and much of the evidence upon which the theory rests is presented in a compact and elementary but very convincing shape. Perhaps in some cases there is a little obscuration of the boundaries between the certain and the problematical, as for instance when we are told (p. 200) that 'the sperm-whales come' (by degeneration) 'from creatures nearly like our bears,' etc., and (p. 102) that the great ocean currents are produced by the friction of the winds. It seems to us as important as it is undoubtedly difficult, to give the reader of such a book some just notion of the relative certainty of different statements, and not to leave him to suppose that they all stand on one common footing; otherwise his confidence in the science will be most rudely shocked by the next book he reads. But the 'competent teacher' can look after this. While the work is of course specially designed and fitted for schoolroom use, it is very interesting and readable, and may safely be recommended to any who would like to get, in a compact and agreeable form, a comprehensive view of the science as it stands to-day. The mechanical execution of the book is extremely good and tasteful, the illustrations for the most part having been prepared expressly for it.

\* 1. Political Recollections, 1840 to 1872. By George W. Julian. Chicago: Jansen McClurg & Co. 2. Acts of the Anti-Slavery Apostles. By Parker Pillsbury. Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co.

\* A First-Book in Geology. Designed for the Use of Beginners. By Professor N. S. Shaler, of Harvard University. \$1.70. Boston, Mass.: Ginn, Heath & Co., 1884.

## Aubrey De Vere's Poems.\*

AN agreeable impression remains with the reader of these poems, but the impression is due rather to the personality of the writer than to the literary value of his work. Gentle almost to weakness; endowed with a faith so ardent (so omnivorous, we had almost said) that one imagines him craving new mysteries in which to believe; singing of mediæval saints in modern ears, this poet with an Irish heart and a Norman name has something childlike about him that blunts the critic's weapon. But old Time, we fear, will prove a less placable reviewer.

'The Foray of Queen Meave,' a sort of Irish Iliad of which Cuchullain is the Achilles, is perhaps the best example of our poet. It possesses life, movement—qualities which De Vere does not always exhibit. The 'Legends of St. Patrick' do not to our mind justify a poetical treatment, lacking as they are in variety and scope. 'Antar and Zara' contains some charming songs, one of which we quote:

On crimson silk, 'mid leaf and flower,  
I traced thy name in golden thread;  
A harper harped beneath my bower:  
I rose and brought him wine and bread.  
He sang; methought he sang of thee!  
I traced thy name in golden thread;  
'My Prince!' I cried—'how knew'st him thou?  
'His victories in the days to be?  
His heavenlike eyes and kinglike brow?'  
'O Maid! I have not seen thy Prince:  
Old wars I sang; old victories won  
In my far-distant land long since;  
I sang the birth of moon and sun.'

Much of the author's work is deficient in finish; stale rhymes and threadbare finery too often offend us; the amateur is everywhere manifest. In his sonnets, however, he appears to greater advantage, as witness the following:

## A POET TO A PAINTER.

That which my fault has made me, O paint not:  
Paint me as that which I desire to be:  
The unaccomplished good that died in thought,  
That Limbo of high hopes, seek out, set free,  
And all I might have been concede to me;  
The mask my errors and the world have wrought  
Remove; the cloud disperse; erase the blot;  
Bid from my brow the temporal darkness flee.  
In that celestial and pure fount whereof  
Some drops affused my childhood, bathe me wholly,  
And shield me from my own deserts; lest they  
Who now but see me by the light of love  
A sterner insight learn from thee one day,  
And love pass from them like some outworn folly.

It needs no 'light of love' to recognize in De Vere a pure and amiable spirit and a genuine lover of beauty.

## Banks and Bank-Notes.†

THE bank of New York is the oldest institution of the kind in the country, having reached the hundredth year of its existence. Its career has been honorable and useful, of great importance to the financial interests of the country. On many occasions it has been of the highest service to the City, the State, and the general Government. Its history is full of interest and suggestion; and the volume (1) in which it is presented adds thereto with its numerous portraits and illustrations. There is an excellent likeness of Alexander Hamilton, who was one of the directors of the bank from 1784 to 1788, and who was always its friend and confidential adviser. He sustained close relations with its officers; and he relied much upon the bank when at the head of the financial interests of the Government. Fac-similes are also given of checks signed by Aaron Burr and

Talleyrand. The book is a most valuable contribution to the financial history of the country.

A volume (2) of great value has been written by John J. Knox, on the history of the issues of paper money by the Government of the United States. Mr. Knox is an authority on the subject, having had the best opportunity, in his official relations, to make a thorough study of it in all its bearings. He gives the facts only, in plain and straightforward language, and without an attempt to draw conclusions from them. He makes no effort to defend or to criticise the issuing of paper money, but he gives a full and reliable history. The history of paper money is one of much interest, in view of the agitation it has caused in the past, as well as because of the recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States. Mr. Knox shows how great a change has been wrought in public sentiment on the subject, by which it is made possible to give a legal-tender quality to paper money. The whole history shows the greatest intimacy with the subject and a thorough comprehension of the financial results caused by paper money in all its forms. The author gives the first full history of the distribution of the surplus money of the United States among the States, and which helped to bring on the financial disaster of 1837. On this, as on so many other subjects, his book may serve as a warning and as a guide. His work must become the standard authority on the subject. In an appendix he presents the recent decision of the Supreme Court, and the dissenting opinion, upon the legal-tender question. Numerous fac-similes and forms of treasury notes add to the value of the volume.

The winning argument in the legal-tender case, presented by Thomas H. Talbot, has been published in a neat pamphlet. (3) It gives the historic facts and arguments which led to the making of the treasury notes legal-tender for all debts, establishing the conclusion that 'the United States has sovereign authority in the matter of legal-tender.'

## "Wonders and Curiosities of the Railway."\*

MOST entertaining is Mr. Kennedy's book of railway curiosities. He begins with reminding us of the singular, almost incredible, objections to railway travel even after it became a possibility, and gives amusing accounts of its final adoption in all countries, in ways as different as the temperaments of the inhabitants. The young Japanese swells take their seats carelessly and try to assume an air of nonchalance, as if they had been used to railroads all their life. The Hindoo gives the English official who serves as ticket agent a new experience in trying to beat down the price of a ticket from one rupee six annas to one rupee two annas. In Africa a guard in red fez and sash closes the car door; the blue gowns and bare feet, the water jugs and palm-mats, the prayer-carpet and tins, and the brass waiters, are all stowed away, and without any whistling or puffing, the locomotive slides quietly out from the shadowy station into the intense white sunshine and trundles sluggishly along. In Germany, the government sees that not a single accident ever occurs from the breaking of a rail, but is singularly indifferent to anything that merely ministers to the comfort or convenience of travellers. Even in Syria is heard the cry, 'Change cars for Nazareth!' It is hard to realize that within one generation have occurred the tremendous changes and improvements in railway travel, reaching the final point of luxury when Eugénie had in her suite of cars in travelling to Vienna one fitted up as a conservatory.

It is hard not to look upon the locomotive, from Mr. Kennedy's account, as almost human. Requiring food and rest more obstinately than any horse, 'living' only about thirty years even with the best of care, the story of its deeds and prowess, its trials, its tremendous aid in war, making one tremble to think what Napoleon would have accomplished if he had had the railway at command, makes a

\* The Poetical Works of Aubrey De Vere. 2 vols. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

† 1 A History of the Bank of New York, 1784-1884. Compiled by Henry W. Demmott. New York: Putnam. (2) United States Notes. A History of the Various Issues of Paper Money by the Government of the United States. By John Jay Knox. New York: Scribner. (3) The Winning Argument in the Legal Tender case of 1884. By Thomas H. Talbot. Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co.

\* Wonders and Curiosities of the Railway. By W. S. Kennedy. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.



tale more interesting than many a novel. The thrilling account of that 'Capture of a Locomotive' that was an exciting episode of the Rebellion, and that other chase which a locomotive once undertook on its own account, are given by Mr. Kennedy with much spirit. We are reminded that less than fifty years ago a single carpet-bag sufficed to hold all the valuables intrusted to Mr. Hamden acting personally as the only 'express' between Boston, Providence and New York. The stirring incidents of the bravery of such engineers as Joseph A. Seeds are commemorated with appreciative care, while we are reminded that it is only occasionally necessary for an engineer to remain at his post in an emergency, and that all are not to be blamed who leap from an engine that they cannot save. Among other novel anecdotes is the story of a cunning hawk that for fifteen years has travelled with the train between Mesgoiny and Romilly in France, hiding himself in the smoke and steam, to pounce more easily on the small birds that fly up from the grass on the approach of the cars.

#### "Wages and Trade." \*

MR. SCHOENHOF attempts to compare American and European wages statistically. Certain assumptions on this point are currently accepted as beyond question, which are in fact totally untrue. Statistics are quoted and repeated which pretend to show the facts, but which are either entirely fictitious, or are prepared to order, or are carelessly taken. There are important differences as to time given to labor, classification of labor, incidental advantages, definitions of terms used, etc., which make all such statistics very untrustworthy. Mr. Schoenhof, however, meets those who use figures on their own ground. He gives his authorities, and he uses them candidly and honestly. He is a practical manufacturer, and speaks both from experience and from legitimate interest. He shows that the accepted notions about comparative rates of wages do not bear examination. We believe that the facts in regard to this matter stand thus: Unskilled laborers obtain far better wages in America than in Europe. Operatives and machine tenders get a little more in the United States, unless times are very good in England, when this difference ceases so far as that country is concerned. Skilled workmen, who really are in a trade, get the highest wages in England. The highest grade of skilled mechanics are much better paid in England than anywhere else. Food is a little cheaper here than in Europe. Clothing costs only 40 per cent in England of its cost here. House-rent is much cheaper there. Coal is cheaper there. Light is slightly cheaper here.

#### Poetical Prophecies.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

In its issue of July 24 *The Christian at Work* very justly interpreted Tennyson's lines in 'Locksley Hall'—  
See the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,  
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales—  
as a prediction of the navigation of the air with balloon ships, richly freighted and distributing their treasures from city to city. But when the writer subsequently says 'we believe "Locksley Hall" is the only poem where the poet turns prophet as to future invention,' he is certainly wide of the mark. It were easy to make numerous quotations from the poets, of scientific predictions both fulfilled and as yet unfulfilled. I call your attention, and that of the readers of *The Christian at Work*, to one which is exactly in the line of the Poet Laureate's thought, but which antedates 'Locksley Hall' by almost a century. In 'The Botanic Garden,' a remarkable poem by the illustrious Erasmus Darwin (grandfather of the late Charles Darwin, of 'Evolution' fame), published in London in 1781, occur

these oft-quoted and memorable lines—I give them from memory—

Soon shall thine arm, unconquered Steam, afar,  
Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car;  
Or, on wide-waving wings, expanded, bear  
The flying chariot through the realms of air,  
While the fair crews, triumphant from above,  
Shall wave their fluttering kerchiefs as they move.

The prophet-poet did not indeed see quite as far as Tennyson in the twin couplet which the writer in *The Christian at Work* also quotes:

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew,

From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue—  
a prophecy which, let us hope, will remain unrealized, while we may confidently believe that Darwin's will be completely fulfilled, perhaps within our century.

Passing over other metrical predictions of the past hundred years, permit me to be a little personal—with, I hope, no inexcusable egotism—and quote from a poem of my own which was published in 1858, by D. Appleton & Co., under the title of 'Electron, or the Modern Puck.' Its appearance was immediately coincident with the laying of the first Atlantic cable.

#### THE OCEAN TELEGRAPH PREDICTED.

Soon shall the Ocean yield his feet a path  
Down in its crystal depths securely laid;  
And heedless, then, of tempests in their wrath,  
Nor of the roar of Neptune's voice afraid,  
The skirt of the old Sea King's robe he'll braid  
With threads of thought betwixt two worlds that run,  
No more by thousand leagues of space delayed—  
Britannia then with fair Columbia one,  
Bound in the nuptial clasp of our Electron's zone.

A note to this stanza of the poem says: 'This prediction was uttered just as it is written in connection with the whole poem, at the anniversary of the Philomathian Society of Pierce Academy, in Middleboro, Mass., August, 1854. The author had the extreme pleasure of announcing to the same society the realization of its prophetic strains, in the successful landing of the great telegraphic cable, both at Valentia, in Ireland, and at Trinity Bay, in Newfoundland, on the very day of its fourth succeeding anniversary.' An interesting 'annex' to Disraeli's 'Curiosities of Literature' would be a collection of poetical predictions of important events and inventions. It would repay research.

WILLIAM C. RICHARDS.

CHICAGO, ILL., Aug. 10, 1884.

#### Mrs. Frank Leslie and *The Continent*.

MANY rumors have been in circulation during the past week as to the future of *The Continent*, one of the most definite and plausible being to the effect that Mrs. Frank Leslie had determined to purchase the magazine and retain Judge Tourgée as its editor. The following communication sets this rumor, at least, at rest:

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

In reply to your note, I beg to say that I have concluded not to assume the management of *The Continent*. I had the matter under consideration, as the large staff of artists and engravers which must be kept on my illustrated newspaper in case of (news) emergencies could have been employed on *The Continent* without much additional expense, and I should have been glad to have been associated also with Judge Tourgée. The bare possibility, however, of involving myself—by the purchase of *The Continent*—in legal difficulties deterred me from consummating an arrangement; as the woman who has triumphantly passed through nine law-suits, I hold, should not tempt fate by the possibility of a tenth!

I find, however, that the affairs of *The Continent* are in a much more favorable condition than is generally supposed, and I have full faith that its accomplished editor will find

\* Wages and Trade in Manufacturing Industries in America and in Europe. By J. Schoenhof. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

stronger and abler hands to whom to entrust its management than those of

NEW YORK, 9 September, 1884.

FRANK LESLIE.

### The Lounger.

MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN is over here, spending his time between New York and Staten Island. He has honored us with his presence for the purpose of bringing out a spectacular drama in this city, in which his sister-in-law, Miss Harriet Jay, is to play a leading part. To our mortification be it said, Mr. Buchanan is not favorably impressed with America. He is one of the unfortunate Englishmen who are unable to find anything fit to eat in New York. But we will not complain—so long as our cooking pleases the French palate. We have a higher idea of French taste in the matter of cooking than of English, and would rather have our dinners praised by a Parisian than a Londoner. Poets as a rule are not epicures, but Mr. Buchanan may be an exception. He looks, however, as though he would prefer a stalled ox to lotos and wild honey.

THE ONLY THING that seems to thoroughly satisfy Mr. Buchanan is his own work. To a *Tribune* reporter he said: 'My most popular poems are as dramatic as my plays. "Fra Giacommo," "Noll," "Liz," "Phil Blood's Leap," "Tiger Bay" and *hoc genus omne* are read wherever the English language is spoken. But of course I attach more value to my larger poems, which are *caviare* to the general.' As *caviare* has always seemed to me as poor an article for the table as I ever tasted, I am of course debarred from criticising Mr. Buchanan's larger poems.

THE late Admiral Harwood was a sailor of the old school, trained on the deck of a man-of-war many years before an Academy was established for the education of our naval officers. A sail carelessly furled, a rope coiled askew, annoyed him as a 'turned s' annoys a veteran compositor. And yet he found time to master something more than the details of practical seamanship; for he was a diligent reader of the best literature and the author of a voluminous and useful work on 'The Law and Practice of U. S. Naval Courts-Martial.' And the little sketches treasured by his friends show that he also possessed considerable taste and skill in the use of water-colors. Admiral Harwood's father, an English actor of repute, came to America near the beginning of the present century, and married a granddaughter of Benjamin Franklin, so that the son's scholarly and artistic tastes were inherited as well from his mother as his father. An officer of a similar type, by the way, is the Admiral's brother-in-law, Commodore S. B. Luce—a diligent student, a clever writer of occasional papers for the magazines, yet withal a practical sailor from head to foot.

'COMMITTEE ON MIGRATION' is the somewhat ambiguous phrase found in the circular issued by the American Ornithological Union—an association devoted to the observation of birds, their seasons and habits, throughout the United States and British America. Much that was formerly deemed beyond human control has been shown to be within the power of science, so, perhaps, the savants who compose the above-mentioned Committee will succeed in arranging a time-schedule to regulate the arrivals and departures of our feathered friends; or it is perhaps proposed to found an intelligence office, whence, on application, any species of bird shall be forwarded to any part of the country. A dispatch comes, to the effect, 'Send at once so many fly-catching warblers,' or 'so many worm-destroying thrushes,' or 'as many swallows as it takes to make a summer'—and the Committee on Migration promptly fills the order! If its purpose be such as I have suggested, I may hope some time to see the Committee's advertisement, 'Homes in the Far West for English Sparrows.' Toward defraying the expense of such an enterprise, I should cheerfully contribute my mite.

*The Pall Mall Gazette* is not to be outdone by its American rivals in the publication of sensational news. The alleged cannibalism of the Greely observing-party is the subject of at least a page of interviews with Arctic experts, printed in a recent number of that journal, and the editor himself asks the pertinent question, 'Why should we not be cannibals?' To me, it has always seemed merely a question of taste. It is shocking to think of our friends eating each other, or of ourselves assisting at such a

meal; but who can say that he himself is not—potentially, at least—a cannibal? When cannibalism is accompanied by murder, the whole aspect of the question is transformed. Murder is a crime, and cannot be justified by the plea of hunger. But is cannibalism in itself a crime? I think not.

LIEUTENANT SCHWATKA and his companions of the Franklin Search Party of '79 have taken the present opportunity to reiterate their opinion that Arctic expeditions should be manned by a minimum of white men—that only the leaders should be Europeans, and that the hardest work should be delegated to the Eskimo and their dogs, who are better fitted for it than the soldiers and sailors to whose lot it generally falls. The Lieutenant's own experience certainly goes far to confirm his judgment in this matter.

EVERYBODY said that no German singers were to be had at this time of year—that they were all engaged by managers in their own country, and that Dr. Damrosch would have to give us a 'scrub' company. Those who know Dr. Damrosch best know that he would be unwilling to torture himself by conducting an opera for 'scrub' singers, even if no higher consideration moved him. But there is no occasion to worry ourselves with false surmises, for he has procured some of the best singers Germany has to give, Materna, Brandt and the rest making a very strong company; and he is going to give us German opera as it has never been heard in New York before—and Italian opera, too, as it has never been heard in New York before, because we have never before had Italian opera in German.

THE editorial staff of *The Evening Post* has been strengthened by the accession of Mr. Croasdale, formerly editor of the *Wilmington Every Evening* and more recently of the *Baltimore Day*, who brings to his new field of labor an experience of twenty years in afternoon journalism. As I understand it, Mr. Croasdale is to be the news-editor of the *Post*—a position similar to that of Mr. John Reid of the *Times*.

### Imperial England from an American Point of View.

[From *The Spectator*.]

IN his 'American Four-in-Hand in Britain,' Mr. Carnegie showed us to ourselves at home from the point of view of the friendly American, in a book which was a welcome set-off to the cynical unfriendliness of the envious foreigner who 'showed us up' in 'John Bull et Son Ile.' In the present book, which was written in 1879, Mr. Carnegie shows us to ourselves as we are abroad, in that larger half of the world we call the East. For though his work is fully entitled to its title, 'Round the World,' yet from reading it, it would appear that 'the round world' is, in fact, British. With the exception of a short stay in Japan, which is a *sentina gentium* where the Yankee flourishes as abundantly, if not more, than the Britisher, the author was rarely out of sight of the Union Jack. China was inspected from the Anglicized Shanghai and the British Hong Kong; while the minor stages of his journey,—the Straits Settlements, Ceylon, India, Aden, and even Egypt,—are but so many resting-places for the paws of the British lion.

We are thus enabled to see how the Englishman abroad strikes the outsider. As an independent American citizen, Mr. Carnegie brings to bear on the question a mind emancipated from insular optimism and insular pessimism, and can express his views of the Union Jack and those who work under it, in a way which no Briton can do without the imputation of party spirit. As this seems to be the most valuable office of the book, we shall not linger with Mr. Carnegie in his journey overland from Pittsburg to Frisco, only noticing with a sigh that, even over the city which looks on the Golden Gate, there hangs a canopy which, though according to the natives 'mostly fogs and a peculiar wind,' the ironmaster's experienced eye recognized as smoke which even his own smoky Pittsburg would not beat in denseness. This is a terrible blow to a long-cherished illusion due to that charming novel, 'Dear Lady Disdain.' It is no compensation for a smoke-canopy to know that the place whips all creation by having the biggest monster hotel in the world. If the Golden Gate is sooty, no amount of golden ceilings can restore its charm to San Francisco.

Nor shall we stay with Mr. Carnegie on board ship, because it must be confessed that the life on the ocean wave tends to reduce him to a state of unmitigated gush. Indeed, throughout the book, we could wish that we had a little less of that easiest



and dullest form of writing, filled out with quotations from the poets. If we might venture a suggestion to Mr. Carnegie, it is that his forte lies in his own power of observation and shrewdness of reflection, and that less than most men he stands in need of the extraneous assistance of quotations and 'gush.' To our prosaic minds, he is much fresher when he remarks on the cheapness of the Chinese Imperial Government,—only £25,000,000 a year for four hundred million people,—or on the admirable extent to which 'home-rule' is carried there, than when we are treated to the usual 'Garden of the Hesperides' sunsets. In his more prosaic and interesting moments we have only noticed one aberration of intellect on the part of the author, and that is when, commenting on the mode of administering justice in China by the torture, he implies approval of the torture as a means of extracting evidence and procuring confessions. 'No skillful lawyer here to defend and throw around the prisoners the safeguards of the law; but neither is there on the side of the prosecution. The accused has only to satisfy the judge, by giving a true account of himself and his doings. I should say an innocent man would prefer this mode, a guilty man detest it,—and this seems a strong argument in its favor.' But does it not occur to Mr. Carnegie that as a rule it is easy to prove guilt by independent and unforced witnesses, and that in a large number of cases the result is the same whether you have torture or not? But in the large number where circumstances are of ambiguous import, and the judge, from prejudice or error, forms a view adverse to the accused, there is little hope for him, however innocent, if torture is employed; while, if torture is employed, as a matter of course the inducements to false accusations are multiplied a thousandfold. In fact, in a country where torture is employed, and a man is tried before a single judge, justice can hardly be said to exist. Life and property are at the mercy of the false witness and the unjust judge. It is the more remarkable that Mr. Carnegie should have for a moment yielded to this delusion, as he is never tired of saying that the great good which the Orientals get at Hong Kong and Aden, in Ceylon and India, is justice; but if the Chinese method of administering justice is the best calculated to put down crime and insure justice, then the natives of Hong Kong, and Aden, and India, suffer gross wrongs at our hands.

Mr. Carnegie's remarks are more to the point when, *à propos* of the fact that the Mikado of Japan is having a yacht built for him at the State expense, he remarks that,—

'However poor a nation may be, or however depreciated its currency, if it set up an Emperor, King, or Queen, improper personal expenditure inevitably follows. Even as good a woman as Queen Victoria, probably the most respectable woman who ever occupied a throne—such a character as one would not hesitate to introduce to one's family circle, which is saying much for a monarch—will squander £30,000 per annum of the people's money upon a private yacht which she has used but a few times, and which is one of those which she insists upon keeping at the State's expense. It is the old story; make any human being believe he is born to position, and he becomes arbitrary and inconsiderate of those who have exalted him.'

The most noticeable thing in Japan was the extent to which *la petite culture* is carried. I counted upon one hillside 47 terraces from the bottom to the top. These are divided vertically, so that I think twenty-five feet square would be about the average size of each patch; and as the division of terraces is made to suit the ground, and hence very irregularly, the appearance of a hillside in Japan is something like that of a bed-quilt of irregular pieces. The terrace walls are overgrown with vines, ferns, etc., so that they appear like low green hedges. No wonder the cultivators of these lovely spots never dream of leaving them. Of China Mr. Carnegie has nothing much that is new to say; but he gives an interestingly exact description of the mode of life of one of the numerous richer families on board a small passenger yawl, twenty feet long by four and a half wide, which is complete even down to the possession of its private 'Jossee,' or little god and chapel, behind a sliding panel in the stern; and he made the discovery that 'my uncle' exists in China as elsewhere,—as a gong, which he wanted to buy at an old curiosity shop, was not to be had because it was only in pawn, having been pawned by the priest of the temple. Sad to relate, however, this very gong was afterward delivered to the would-be purchaser with its pawn-ticket effaced, so that there was great reason to fear that the god had been robbed of his gong. The great obstacle to the progress of the Chinese appears to be 'the graves of their ancestors,' who are buried all over the place; and as it would be sacrilege to disturb their bones, railways are impossible, unless Mr. Carnegie's ingenious way out of the difficulty by an elevated railway be adopted. Of Saigon and Cochin China it is sufficient

to say that he describes them as 'a God-forsaken looking region,' while the 'Saigonites are the lowest specimens of humanity we have yet seen' :—

'The importance even of Saigon is so small that it offers no inducement to any of the regular steamers to call as they pass. The French line alone visits it, under a subvention from the home government. A few poor French people manage to exist after a fashion by trading with the ignorant natives, and a few soldiers and a ship-of-war give some semblance of French authority.'

In the face of this, and the fact that at a ball given by the Governor, to which he went, there were thirty-five ladies, 'mammams and grandmammams' included, out of five hundred people asked, he concludes that 'any power acquired by France over this portion of the world can be but illusory.' Even in Singapore, of which he speaks most favorably, where 'the survival of the fittest' is being fought out under the protection of the British flag, which insures peace and order wherever it floats, he has 'no hesitation in backing the Heathen Chinese against the field. An Englishman would inevitably cease to be an Englishman in a few, very few generations; and it is therefore only a question of time when the Chinese will drive every other race to the wall.' In a place where the very horses 'are unable to go more than ten miles in twenty-four hours, and where your carriage and pair are hired with the understanding that this is not to be exceeded,' he is probably right; and the less either France or England annexes of the mainlands of those countries, the better for them.

Ceylon strikes him as quite a different place. The Ceylonese guide thought that the writer of the 'spicy breezes' was 'a fool' for saying that the Cingalese 'bowed down to wood and stone;' and 'asked if any one in my country believed that there was a man, woman, or child in Ceylon who did not know better than to bow down to any power but God?' The English planters he met 'declared that a European can live there and enjoy as good health as at home.' The coffee business was then rapidly extending, together with the prosperity and population of the isle, in spite of the taxation, as to which he was not unnaturally 'surprised to find that one fifth of the total revenue of the island is derived from taxes upon the daily food of the people, two thirds of this from a tax upon imported rice, and the other one third from native grain.' In Ceylon caste prevails as much as in India, so much so, that 'the wealthiest native in Ceylon to-day is a fisherman, and yet he cannot gain admittance to the society of poorer natives about him of higher caste,' but curiously enough, 'of all the castes the tiller of the soil stands at the head.' But as 'within forty miles' the writer 'counted eleven schools filled with young Cingalese' who are being taught English, and there were in 1874, 1468 of these schools in the island to a population of three millions, it is obvious that considerable inroads are being made on native ideas. Of Ceylon, as a whole, Mr. Carnegie says that he is 'prepared to put it forth as the best example of English government in the world, England herself not excepted.'

In India, the two things which appear to have most evoked his admiration were the Taj Mahal and the jail at Agra; and those which most provoked his horror were the worship of Kali and the dismal plain through which the Great India Peninsular Railway passes. Over the Taj Mr. Carnegie gushes, but for once his gush is perhaps justified, and is good of its kind. As regards India as a whole, Mr. Carnegie can only say :—

'As a lover of England, would she were safely and honorably out of it. . . . She, the mother of nations and champion of oppressed nationalities, necessarily assumed a false position in India; there she must assume the rôle of the conqueror. The pole-star of Indian policy is to bend every energy to the sowing of seed which will produce a native class capable at first of participating in the Government, and which will eventually become such as can be trusted with entire control. Travelling as I did, an American, and not as one of the *usurpers*, I had many opportunities of hearing educated natives speak the thoughts of their hearts, which to an Englishman's ear would have been treason. While they give assent to the claims made for English rule that it keeps order and enforces justice as far as its Courts can reach, they are yet antagonistic to it. It is the old story; you have taught people to read, and placed before them as types of the highest excellence our rebels, Cromwell, Hampden, Sidney, Russell, Washington, Franklin. . . . Meanwhile, surely no further rash responsibilities should be taken upon herself by England. She can do most good by example. The little islands of Hong Kong and Singapore, and even Ceylon, which is not too big,—these teach the races of the East what civilization means, and serve as models.'

But, as he points out, at Aden the people have flocked under

the British flag of their own free will, and there is no coercion. 'All that I urge against conquest is inapplicable here; but a nation should have much to offer in exchange, more than I see that any nation has, which stifles in the breast of the most ignorant nation in the world the sacred germ of self-development.' He thinks the Anglo-Indian the worst possible guide to the solution of the question when reforms in the direction of local self-government in India can be made:—

'The Englishman in India . . . sits on the safety-valve of the terrible boiler. He hears every now and then the sharp rush of the confined steam, which startles the ear as it passes. When it is proposed to relieve the pressure, and allow more steam to escape, he is frightened. But we who stand afar off, and know the play of force in that boiler, as I know them from sources sealed to him, see that the steam must be allowed vent in constantly increasing volume, if a terrible catastrophe is to be avoided. The Anglo-Indian authorities protested against railway travelling being conducted without special reference to caste, and were overruled by the Home Government. The result is that more impression upon caste is made daily and hourly by the rush of every grade to get the best seats in the same carriage, than by all other influences combined.'

It is in spite, therefore, of the Anglo-Indians that, in Mr. Carnegie's opinion, reforms must be made. Nevertheless, without the hearty co-operation of Anglo-Indians they cannot be made. We have already quoted too much, and have barely space to refer to what Mr. Carnegie felt to be the three things lacking in the East—women, a Sunday or regular day of rest, and music. 'To see a wealthy Chinaman driving along in his carriage alone was pitiable. His efforts had been successful, but for what? There was no joy in his world!' Woman was absent, and to her absence he attributed the absence of music. We have no space for more. But nearly every page of the book is worth reading, for the new way of putting facts—even when the facts themselves are not new, and also for the shrewdness and freshness of the reflections which they suggest.

### The Mudir of Dongola.

[James J. O'Kelly, M.P., in the *London Daily News*.]

IMAGINE a small, slight, delicate man, with a pale, sad, pensive face lighted up by two large black luminous eyes, which seem to be always looking into space or engaged counting the beads on which good Moslems tell their prayers, and from between which projects a preternaturally large nose, hooked like a vulture's beak, and you will have a vague general notion of the personal appearance of Mustapha Bey Yower, Mudir of Dongola. The effect of his extra holiness on the Mussulman population is very marked, and most good Mohammedans are inclined to regard Mustapha Bey Yower as a saint of the first water. This reputation constitutes his great hold on a fanatical population among whom he is a stranger, and has, more than any number of Remington rifles, enabled him to maintain himself in power almost within armstroke of the Mahdi, whom he is by some regarded as aspiring to rival. He spends much of his time at his private house, and is only visible for a short time each day before the public prayers which he never fails to offer at the appointed times. Once a day at least all the principal officers, civil and military, are required to attend the Mudir's prayer-meetings, and give public evidence of their firm attachment to the Mahomedan religion. On these occasions the Mudir squats down on the carpet, and, holding his beads in one hand, he places a large Koran, resembling somewhat a family Bible, before him, while a companion squats in front of him at the opposite side of the room holding a similar volume, from which he reads. The person on whom this important function devolves is a splendid looking Nubian, fully six feet in height, the cousin of Mohammed Ahmed, the Mahdi; and the confidence with which the Mudir appeared to treat him gave rise to curious commentaries among the Dongola population, especially among those hostile to the new prophet.

Another peculiarity of Mustapha Bey Yower is that he never sits cross-legged at a public reception. His custom is to receive seated on a cane-bottomed chair placed in a corner of the reception hall. On another chair placed immediately in front of him stands a large Koran open, so that in the intervals of conversation or of work his eyes may rest on some comforting verse of the holy page. Resting against the chair, and sustained by it, stands a small Arab spear resembling a Zulu assegai, and suggesting a sceptre. This is the only arm the Mudir carries, and it never seems to leave him. Wherever he goes the delicate weapon is always in his hand. While seated in this reception

hall he admits to audience, not only his visitors, but the heads of the departments of his province. Here nearly all the public business is transacted, and the Mudir will interrupt a conversation to receive a report or affix his official signature to a document, turning afterward to take up the thread of the conversation as if nothing had happened. So far as a stranger could judge, he carries on the business of his province with skill and industry. In him centres all real power, and the other employés, whether civil or military, are completely subject to his control and authority. Post-office and telegraph are alike under his supervision, and no message, even on private matters, can pass without the Mudir having full information; and if the messages did not happen to suit his views they seldom reached their destination. The delicate man with the pale face had a strong hand, and every one in Dongola knew it. It is said of Mustapha Bey Yower that he never accepts presents or gifts. That is certainly a remarkable characteristic, if it be true. Some of the men highest in the Mudir of Dongola's confidence are said to make up for his abstinence by their voracity in the matter of private extortion. Mustapha Bey Yower has some claim to be considered a political reformer not averse from tempering his arbitrary power by, according to his subjects, a limited amount of popular government. Among his many functions, he is the Court of Appeal for all the inhabitants; and, shrewdly remembering that he could not possibly please every one by his decisions, he came to the resolution of establishing a large committee of the leading functionaries and merchants, to whom he delegated the function of judging cases in dispute among litigious citizens. This new court is called 'El Megliss,' or The Committee. It seems to work fairly well, and it certainly relieves the Mudir from the necessity of wasting his time listening to the wrangling of loquacious Arabs disputing over a few shillings. With the exception of this delegated judicial function, all other power and authority centre in the Mudir. Surrounded by a little court of military and civil officials, he has succeeded in creating a *camaraderie* between himself and all the more intelligent, as well as the bolder spirits of his province, and this spirit of friendship is maintained by frequent festive reunions to which the leading men are invited, especially the leading spirits of the army.

The steps by which the Mudir reached his present dignity are not very clearly known. Born in Circassia, Mustapha Bey Yower was imported into Egypt at an early age, and sold as a slave to one of the Khedive Ismail's favorite pashas. From this condition of servitude he emerged to enter the public service under the protection of his late master. The details of his early employment are lost in obscurity, but during General Gordon's governor-generalship of the Soudan, among the officials who figured on the Blue Nile was Mustapha Bey Yower. From the Soudan he was transferred to the position of Mudir of Dongola, with the rank of Bey, or colonel in the army. He is alleged to have many friends in Cairo, who are influential in Government circles, with whom he maintains a constant correspondence. About the time General Gordon was despatched on his mission to Khartoum, Mustapha Bey Yower was dismissed from his position as Mudir and another official sent to replace him. This decision was in part due to the extravagant telegrams which he sent to the Khedive announcing the safety of the bulk of General Hicks's army, a story which, with characteristic tenacity, he has lately disinterred and set afloat again. At the moment of his dismissal his fortunes looked black indeed, but he resolved to make a fight, and when the new Mudir arrived with his firman in his pocket Mustapha refused point blank to recognize him, and, as the new man thought to impose himself, seized the official seals, and warned his rival off the premises. Without loss of time, Mustapha, having commissioned an Arnout Major, who is his fighting man, to hold the Mudirieh until his return, set out for Berber, where he intercepted General Gordon on his way to Khartoum. The result of his interview with the General was an authorization to continue in office pending the result of a telegram which was forwarded to Cairo from General Gordon insisting on the reinstatement of Mustapha Bey Yower in his functions. This condition of affairs continued several weeks, and as Mustapha refused to surrender, and continued, as the people expressed it, Mudir 'by force,' the Government came to the conclusion that they had better give in gracefully. So an order was despatched to the new appointee, directing him to return to Cairo. Some hours later the people of Dongola saw his steam launch move quietly and unnoticed down the stream, and they knew that the first rebellion of Mustapha Bey Yower had ended in victory. This incident strengthened enormously Mustapha Bey's influence, and henceforth the people came to regard him as a person ruling by the divine right of force and too strong even for the Cairo Government to interfere with.



## Clear the Way!

[A. C. Swinburne, in *The Pall Mall Gazette*.]

CLEAR the way, my lords and lackeys! you have had your day.  
Here you have your answer—England's yea against your nay:  
Long enough your House has held you: up, and clear the way!  
Lust and falsehood, craft and traffic, precedent and gold,  
Tongue of courtier, kiss of harlot, promise bought and sold,  
Gave you heritage of empire over thralls of old.

Now that all these things are rotten, all their gold is rust,  
Quenched the pride they lived by, dead the faith and cold the lust,  
Shall their heritage not also turn again to dust?

By the grace of these they reigned, who left their sons their sway:  
By the grace of these, what England says her lords unsay:  
Till at last her cry goes forth against them—Clear the way!

By the grace of trust in treason knaves have lived and lied:  
By the force of fear and folly fools have fed their pride:  
By the strength of sloth and custom reason stands defied.

Lest perchance your reckoning on some latter day be worse,  
Halt and hearken, lords of land and princes of the purse,  
Ere the tide be full that comes with blessing and with curse.

Where we stand, as where you sit, scarce falls a sprinkling spray;  
But the wind that swells, the wave that follows, none shall stay:  
Spread no more of sail for shipwreck: out, and clear the way!

## Current Criticism

PRAISE FOR MISS WALFORD:—'The Baby's Grandmother' is in its way a work of genius. It is too long,—the part at the cathedral town of Clinkton is much too long,—and we are not made quite to understand, after all, the mingled helplessness and strength of the hero. But it is hardly possible to praise too much the skill and brilliance of the picture of the three figures who make up the interest of the scene at Overton,—the clumsy Earl, his handsome, gay, and yet deficient brother, and the lively and lovely sister who is 'the baby's grandmother.' Again, the two figures at Endhill, who are requisite for the purpose of making the heroine into a grandmother, the priggish Lotta and the formal pedantic Robert, out of the christening of whose baby the incidents of the story spring, are, though not as fascinating, even more amusing. Moreover, the tale itself is extremely skilful, and the way in which the *dénouement* is brought about is as natural as it is certainly unexpected. The only part of the story which drags, is the part at Clinkton, where the gossip of the banker's family, though described with skill, is protracted over a great many more pages than Art requires or indeed can justify.—*The Spectator*.

WHAT AMERICAN NOVELISTS MAY DO:—We cannot write American-grown novels, because a novel is not an episode, nor an aggregation of episodes; we cannot write romances in the Hawthorne sense, because as yet we do not seem to be clever enough. Several courses are, however, open to us, and we are pursuing them all. First, we are writing 'short stories,' accounts of episodes needing no historical perspective, and not caring for any; but so far as one may judge, we write the best short stories in the world. Secondly, we may spin out our short stories into long-short stories, just as we may imagine a baby six feet high; it takes up more room, but it is just as much a baby as one of twelve inches. Thirdly, we may graft our flower of romance on a European stem, and enjoy ourselves as much as the European novelists do, and with as clear a conscience. We are stealing that which enriches us and does not impoverish them. It is silly and childish to make the boundaries of the America of the mind coincide with those of the United States. We need not dispute about free trade and protection here; literature is not commerce, nor is it politics. America is not a petty nationality, like France, England, and Germany; but whatever in such nationalities tends toward enlightenment and freedom is American. Let us not, therefore, confirm ourselves in a false and ignoble conception of our meaning and mission in the world. Let us not carry into the temple of the Muse the jealousies, the prejudice, the ignorance, the selfishness of our 'Senate' and 'Representatives,' strangely so called. Let us not refuse to breathe the air of heaven, lest there be something European or Asian in it. If we cannot have a national literature in the narrow, geographical sense of the phrase, it is because our inheritance transcends all geographical definitions. The great American novel may not be written this year, or even in this century. Meanwhile let us not fear to ride, and ride to death, whatever species of Pegasus we can catch. It can do us

no harm, and it may help us to acquire a firmer seat against the time when our own, our very own, winged steed makes his appearance.—*Julian Hawthorne in the North American Review*.

AN ARCTIC POEM:—But the last lines of all in the poem ['The Hollanders in Nova Zembla'] are the best. Their prayer will be heartily echoed by all who have read of the useless and unutterable anguish endured by the lately discovered survivors of the gallant Greely expedition:—

Farewell, thou hapless and remorseless clime,  
Ye shores unblest, of every favor void,  
A long farewell! oh, never more may man  
Set foot upon you; nor may human breath  
Blow out upon your cruel atmosphere.  
Be ye unvisited, ye wastes, cut off  
From the all else inhabitable earth!  
Farewell, thou most inhospitable isle!  
And may posterity record thy name,  
Famed by none other than our Heemskerck's woes!

This book is published both in London and New York; but all copies would appear to have been printed in the Transatlantic city. Not only do we meet in its pages with such ungainly and ugly words as 'honor,' 'favor,' and 'savory,' but we find the not only inane and idiotic but, as the merest tiro in philology could inform Messrs. Van Campen and Van Pelt, the absolutely impossible adjective 'neighboring.' The most amusing thing in this not generally amusing book is a note by the translator to inform the reader that he has ventured somewhat 'to modify the description of the terror which struck the sturdy Dutch sailors on seeing the Polar bears.' Dutch scholars who have the original poem within reach will heartily appreciate the translator's delicate consideration for the reputation of his forefathers.—*The Saturday Review*.

THE DUTY OF THE ENGLISH PRESS:—It is to be hoped that the French will avoid as much as possible any interference with German, and English, and Russian trade. One great danger of attacking the Treaty ports—and France is now almost certain to attack one or more of them—is that it is hardly possible to avoid inflicting injuries, not merely on the Chinese themselves, but on foreigners whose Governments are sure to put forward protests, and to claim indemnities as the consequence of these injuries. Such a result, if it led to unpleasant reclamations and repudiations of claim, between Germany and France, would be like dropping a spark on tinder; and even in the case of England, it is not so long since the Tamatave incident occurred that we should forget how very near the country was to an impulse of fury against France, which, under other circumstances, might easily have caused a rupture, and perhaps even a struggle. This is why we are so anxious that the English Press should not at once fall into the habit of declamation against France. We can all see that France has been blamable in her first demands on Anam, and perhaps even still more blamable in her indemnity requisitions and her premature seizure of Kelung. But it is certain that the evil of one war will not be diminished by the engendering of more wars.—*The Spectator*.

ESSAYS IN DISGUISE:—To read a few of Mr. David Swing's 'Sermons' is to get an alarming idea of the strain put upon a popular preacher by a fashionable audience in America. (We partly guess these conditions of their delivery from internal evidence.) As we found fault just now with essays for being sermons in disguise, we have in this instance to complain of sermons being little more than essays. In those we have read we have found very little of the essence of a sermon which may be expressed as an attempt to convince a congregation 'of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment,' but interesting discourses, for the most part, about the sins of other people, loaded with references to science, literature, and politics, and bristling with great names. Here is a list of names occurring in one sermon:—Plato, Antony, Cleopatra, Alexander, Caesar, Whittier, Cowper, Heber, Confucius, Louis XIV., Henry VIII., Calvin, Luther, Edwards, Wesley, Wellington, Antoninus Pius, Hamlet, Gray, Thomas à Kempis, Bunyan, Fénelon, Mme. Guyon, George Fox. The sermon is on spiritual-mindedness, but the writer seems nowhere in spiritual touch with his hearers. This sort of thing is, no doubt, very interesting to people who go to church because it is the fashion; but in England, at all events, there is a robust appetite among churchgoers; and when men, good or bad, do go to church, they like stronger meat.—*The Saturday Review*.

## Notes

MISS WOOLSON'S new novel, upon which she has been engaged for the past three years, will be begun in the January number of *Harper's Magazine*. It is called 'East Angels,' and will make as large a book as 'Anne.'

—The Christmas number of *Harper's Magazine* will contain, amongst the other good things we have already announced and those we have not, a description by William Black of a recent trip, called 'A Few Days More Driving,' the narrative of a coaching trip from Winchester to Salisbury, illustrated by Mr. E. A. Abbey. This will be recognized as the famous trip on Mr. Andrew Carnegie's coach, when Mr. Matthew Arnold was one of the guests. Mr. E. C. Stedman has also written two poems for this Christmas number—'Witchcraft, A.D. 1692,' and 'Witchcraft, A.D. 1884'—illustrated by Howard Pyle.

—'Earthquakes,' apropos of the shock of August 10, and 'Early English Explorations of America' are the subjects indexed in Mr. Foster's *Monthly Reference Lists* for August. (31 Park Row, New York).

—Six pages of *Le Livre* of August 10 are taken up by Mr. Du Bois's New York letter, in which he gives intelligent notes on thirty-three new books, presenting their titles in English. America is properly credited with the first English translation of the recently discovered Greek MS., 'The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles.' The other foreign correspondence of the month is Dr. Westland Marston's English letter, which discusses fewer books but at greater length.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish Marion Crawford's new novel, 'An American Politician.' They have also in press 'Fresh Fields,' a new volume by John Burroughs.

—Mr. Woodberry, in preparing his Life of Poe for the American Men-of-Letters Series, will have the advantage of much new material, notably many letters from Poe to Mr. Lowell.

—Henry Holt & Co.'s latest list includes Vol. III. of Taine's French Revolution, completing the work; 'The Rise of Intellectual Liberty,' by F. M. Holland; Shakspeare's Works, in seven volumes of the Leisure Hour Series; 'Callirhoe and Rosamund,' two dramatic poems by Field; 'Representative German Poems,' given in the original, with close English translations; 'The Chansons de Roland,' translated by L. Rabillon; 'Captain Phil,' a boy's experience in the Civil War, by M. M. Thomas; 'Ralph, the Drummer-Boy,' by L. Rousselet, translated by W. J. Gordon; 'A School History of the United States,' by Prof. Alex. Johnston; 'The Human Body,' by Prof. H. N. Martin; 'Botany,' by Prof. C. E. Bessey; 'A French Grammar,' and 'A Briefer German Grammar,' by Prof. W. D. Whitney; and the German text of Fouque's 'Sintram und seine Gefährten,' for the use of students.

—Thomas Whittaker will soon issue the volume of sermons by the eloquent Bishop of Peterboro, Dr. Magee, recently published in London—'The Gospel and the Age.'

—'The Princess Casamassima' by Henry James, 'The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains' by C. E. Craddock, 'A Marsh Island' by Miss Jewett, and a novel of English life by Mrs. Oliphant, will be published in *The Atlantic* next year.

—Messrs. Harper will publish before long 'The Life and Times of Sydney Smith,' based on family documents and recollections of personal friends, by J. Stuart Reid.

—Lord Herve's 'Memoirs of George II.,' which have become very scarce, is about to be reprinted by Scribner & Welford, who have purchased the copyright. The new edition will be in three volumes. From £4 to £6 has been paid for the book at recent sales.

—To the July part of the *Miscellanea Genealogica* (Mitchell & Hughes, London) Mr. Stephen Tucker has communicated a most interesting account of the assignment of arms and impalement borne by the father of Shakspeare, illustrated by five facsimiles of documents from the Heralds' College Records, carefully executed in photo-lithograph. A few copies of the lithographs have, in deference to the wishes of several Shakspearian collectors, been struck off on large paper, and since amplified by transcriptions of each document.

—Mr. R. L. Stevenson contributes one of his delightful child-fancies in verse to the September number of the *Magazine of Art*.

—James Payn's 'Some Literary Recollections,' which ran through *The Cornhill*, have been amplified and rewritten and made into a most entertaining volume, which is dedicated to Leslie Stephen—'a critic blind to no literary merit save his own'—and which will be published on the 26th inst. by the Harpers.

—Two of the latest announcements of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are 'James Madison' (Vol. X. of the American Statesmen Series), by Sydney Howard Gay, and 'Captains of Industry,' a book by James Parton, about 'men of business who did something besides making money.'

—A printed postcard informs us that 'there is but one genuine *Babyland*, and this always has the imprint of D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.'

—There is no longer any excuse for an American family being without a dictionary, now that Harper & Bros. are publishing Stormonth's famous work in their Franklin Square Library. It will be published at the rate of one part a week until complete in 23 parts at 25 cts each. Messrs. Harper are doing a good deed in putting so valuable a work within the reach of every purse. Although published in the Franklin Square Library, the dictionary is printed on handsomer paper than the regular publications in that series, and can be recommended as highly for its typographical appearance as it can as an authority on the spelling, definition, and pronunciation of the English language.

—*The Magazine of Art* for September is a well balanced number, giving as it does a sprinkling of modern and antique art from George H. Boughton to Vittore Carpaccio. There is, moreover, an interesting chapter of 'Gossip About the Paris Opera'—not the gossip of to-day, but of a century ago, illustrated with rare cuts.

—In *The Magazine of Art* next year will appear a series of original poems by Andrew Lang, Austin Dobson, R. L. Stevenson, H. C. Bunner, Edmund Gosse and others, each of which will be printed in the centre of a special full-page illustration.

—A quarter of a million dollars is the estimated value of the collection of etchings and engravings left by the late James L. Clayhorn, of Philadelphia. The experts who have appraised it say that this valuation is a modest one.

—To the September number of the *English Illustrated* Mr. Austin Dobson contributes one of his delightful papers on 'The Tour of Covent Garden.' It is akin in style to his earlier essays in the same magazine on Whitehall and Charing Cross, and it will be followed shortly by a fourth on Leicester Square.

—Andrew Lang's new book, 'Princess Nobody,' is a fairy tale for children—a fresh interpretation of Richard Doyle's series of pictures 'In Fairyland.'

—Dr. William Hayes Ward started for Europe last week to take charge of the American Oriental Society's expedition to Babylon. The expedition, as first announced in *THE CRITIC*, goes out under the patronage of Miss Catherine Wolfe, of this city. Dr. Ward and his associates will proceed first to London for consultation with travellers familiar with the field, and thence to Constantinople, where the organization of the expedition will be completed. The immediate field of operations will be between the Euphrates and the Tigris. Five hundred miles of the journey will be made on horseback. The American Government will do what it can to protect the expedition.

—Mr. Townsend MacCoun announces a seventh and enlarged edition of Labberton's 'Historical Atlas,' the price of which has been reduced from \$3.50 to \$1.50. The new edition contains 112 colored maps.

—Under the title of 'Battles and Leaders of the Civil War,' *The Century* will begin with the November number of the present year, and continue without intermission (if possible), a series of papers, the object of which is to set forth the life and spirit of the War for the Union. The main portion of the scheme will be papers of a popular character on the great engagements of the War, by general officers high in command. In many instances the contributor will be the officer of first command, and in every instance a participant in the engagements under consideration. For instance, the battles of Shiloh and Vicksburg will be described by General Grant, who will contribute four papers to the series; General Beauregard will write of the First Bull Run; General McClellan, of Antietam; and General Rosecrans, of Stone River. The passage of the forts below New Orleans will be described by Admiral Porter; the Western Gunboat Service by Rear-Admiral Walke; the fight between the Monitor and the Merrimac by Col. John Taylor Wood, the senior surviving officer of the latter vessel. Other prominent Confederate generals have engaged to contribute. In several instances briefer supplementary papers will chronicle special incidents of an engagement. Personal reminiscences of several of the most prominent military leaders, now dead, will also give variety to the series; and there will appear, from time to time, a number of briefer sketches, entitled 'Recollections of a Private.' The illustrations of the series will receive the most careful attention.



—The art of fiction has now been abundantly written about by the fictionists. First Mr. Howells wrote about Mr. James in *The Century*, and aroused the ire of the British critic. Then Mr. Warner had a paper in *The Atlantic*, to which Mr. James replied in his *Century* paper on Daudet. Mr. Hawthorne and Mr. Cable each said his say before the Nineteenth Century Club. Mr. Besant delivered his lecture in London, and Mr. Lang criticised it in *The Pall Mall Gazette*. Mr. James Payn had already delivered himself in his lively 'Some Private Views.' Now Mr. James returns to the charge in the September *Longman's*, a magazine to which Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson had already contributed his paper on 'Romance.'

—J. H. W. writes, apropos of Mr. Converse's *thon*: No need of a new pronoun. Use they, their, them, with the understanding that in such cases they are singular; just as the Germans say 'they are' (*Siesind*) for 'you are,' and we say 'you are' when we mean one person.

—President Seelye, of Amherst, is preparing an article on 'Moral Character in Politics,' for the next issue of *The North American Review*.

—G. P. Putnam's Sons have in press the 'Life and Times of Gustavus Adolphus,' by John L. Stevens, late Minister to Sweden; 'The Land of Rip Van Winkle,' by A. E. P. Searing; a Zuyder Zee edition of De Amicis's 'Holland,' sumptuously illustrated; 'Half a Century of English History,' as told by 147 cartoons from *Punch*; 'Outlines of Roman Law,' by Prof. William C. Morey, of the University of Rochester; the 'Prehistoric America' of the Marquis de Nadillac, translated by 'N. D'Anvers' and edited by W. H. Dall; and 'Myths in Medicine, or Old-Time Doctors,' by A. C. Garrett, M.D.

—E. P. Roe's forthcoming story is entitled 'A Young Girl's Wooing.'

—The Russian Government has forbidden reading-rooms and public libraries to keep on hand translations of the works of Agassiz, Bagehot, Huxley, Zola, Lassalle, Lubbock, Lecky, Louis Blanc, Lewes, Lyall, Marx, Mill, Reclus, Adam Smith's 'Wealth of Nations' and 'Theory of Moral Sentiments,' and Herbert Spencer's works.

—A. J. Pons, one of St. Beuve's indiscreet secretaries and author of that scandalous book 'St. Beuve et ses Inconnues,' a constant contributor to the critical department of *Le Livre* and author of 'Coups de Plumes Indépendants,' is dead. He used to be one of the gayest of the gay, but of late years had become a misanthrope.

—In the October *Popular Science Monthly*, Prof. J. P. Cooke will follow his article of last month with another, entitled 'Further Remarks on the Greek Question,' and Lord Rayleigh's address at Montreal, which is to be printed in full in this number, contains a decided expression of opinion on the same subject.

—Miss Grace Litchfield has written a story, 'The Knight of the Black Forest,' for *The Century*.

—There are in India 600,000 widows under nineteen years of age, who are doomed to perpetual widowhood, or worse, by the custom of child marriage. Of these, 78,000 are less than nine years old, and over 200,000 between ten and fourteen.

—Mr. Brander Matthew's edition of 'Sheridan's Comedies—'The Rivals' and 'The School for Scandal'—will be published in October by Messrs. Jas. R. Osgood & Co. in Boston, and in London by Messrs. Chatto & Windus. In addition to the text of the two plays, it contains a brief biography of Sheridan (with new views of his career and his character), a critical introduction to each comedy, and ample explanatory notes. The frontispiece is an etching by M. Richeton after the hitherto unengraved portrait of Sheridan now in the National Portrait Gallery at South Kensington. The full-page illustrations are drawings of Mr. John Gilbert as Sir Peter Teazle, Mrs. G. H. Gilbert as Mrs. Candour and Mr. Charles Coghlan as Charles Surface, by Mr. E. A. Abbey; the late John Brougham as Sir Lucius O'Trigger, by Mr. C. S. Reinhart; Mr. Joseph Jefferson as Bob Acres and Mrs. John Drew as Mrs. Malaprop, by Mr. Blum; Mr. Henry Irving as Joseph Surface and Miss Ellen Terry as Lady Teazle, by Mr. Fred Barnard. Miss Terry and Mr. Irving gave special sittings to Mr. Barnard in London this summer. Among the other illustrations are a fac-simile letter of Sheridan, referring to the taking of the house in Savile Row in which he died (an autograph which Mr. Matthews was fortunate enough to pick up at a sale in London a year ago), and a reproduction of the frontispiece to the first edition of 'The School for Scandal,' published in Dublin. This last gives a very quaint and old-fashioned view of the auction in the picture-gallery.

## The Free Parliament.

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

### QUESTIONS.

**No. 789.**—1. How is the name Bajot pronounced? 2. What is the pronunciation of Luys, the name of the author of 'The Brain and its Functions?' 3. Is there any book descriptive of the various games of solitaire played with cards?

QUINCY, ILL.

M. L. IRWIN.

[1. Báj'ot.]

**No. 790.**—1. Who is the author of the poem, 'The Picket Guard?' I have seen it accredited to Mrs. Ethel Lynn Burs, besides two or three others. 2. Who publishes 'The Dixie Cook-Book'?

WINSTON, N. C.

W. & C.

**No. 791.**—Please quote the poem containing the appended lines, and say who wrote it:

Youth, thou art as a diamond bright.  
Consistency is a jewel.

OTSEGO LAKE, MICH.

H. K. J.

[We do not know the poem, or the name of the literary lapidary who wrote it. The second line is a familiar quotation, whose origin, like that of so many of the noble families embalmed in Burke's Peerage, 'is lost in the mists of antiquity.']

**No. 792.**—1. Does Mr. Richardson (CRITIC, Aug. 16) mean that the names in his list are mispronounced as he gives them? What does he consider the correct pronunciation of Chicago, Cairo, Joliet, Louisville, and St. Louis? What is his standard in these and other cases? 2. Is Pierre M. Irving still living? If so, his address? If not, what near relative of Washington Irving can I write to about portraits of Irving? 3. What English poet has some lines in which health is called 'the salt of life, that gives it all its relish'? 4. What is the address of Dr. Murray, editor of the great English Dictionary? I have some words for him. 5. What is the allusion in this sentence from Emerson's essay on 'Manners,' p. 180: 'If you could see Vich Ian Vohr with his tail on!' 6. Who or what was Adrastia, referred to in Emerson's essay on 'Experience,' p. 85: 'The law of Adrastia "that every soul which had acquired any truth should be safe from harm for another period."'

JACKSONVILLE, ILL.

J. H. W.

[2. Pierre Irving died ten years ago. Address G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 4. Care of the Clarendon Press, Oxford, England.]

**No. 793.**—Who wrote the poem of which I quote the first four lines, and where can I get a copy of it?

'Know ye what intemperance is?'  
I asked a little child  
Who seemed too young to sorrow know,  
So beautiful and mild.

CLEVELAND, O.

H. M. BAKER.

[We don't know who wrote it, but think it might safely be attributed to J. Dunbar Hylton, M.D., Poet Laureate of Palmyra, N. J. If Dr. Hylton didn't write it, apply to Dr. R. H. McDonald, or ex-Governor St. John.]

**No. 794.**—Will you be good enough to give the correct pronunciation of the name of the French author, Daudet?

W.

[Dough-day comes about as near it as any English spelling would come.]

### ANSWERS.

**No. 763.**—If G. D., of Charleston, S. C., will send us his full name and address we will take pleasure in forwarding to him a pamphlet containing President Lincoln's Gettysburg address.

**No. 764.**—Longfellow's representation is of a miracle play of the Middle Ages, of which he simply reproduces the anachronisms and puerilities. Eliminating these would spoil the picture. I have not 'The Golden Legend' at hand, but such is my recollection of it.

DELAWARE WATER GAP, PA.

S. J. F.

**No. 763.**—1. Harry Castlemon's real name is C. A. Fosdick.

**No. 785.**—1. Henry W. Pullen wrote 'Dame Europa's School' and (2) is also the reputed author of 'Supernatural Religion.' 3. 'Bossuet and his Contemporaries' was written by Mrs. Harriet L., wife of Sidney A. Lear.

**No. 786.**—There is a recent Life of Cobbett by E. Smith (2 vols., London: Sampson Low). The price is 24 shillings, but the writer bought a fresh copy within the past year for \$1.25. Another (in one volume), by R. Waters, was published by J. W. Pratt, 75 Fulton Street, New York, last year. Cobbett's *English Grammar* is appended.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

S. B.

**No. 786.**—G. F., of Gatton, Mass., can get a good copy of Wm. Cobbett's *English Grammar* by sending 75 cents to  
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